THE AERONAUT.

No. 169. July 17. 1818.

Tu vero quis es?
CIC.

To the Confederacy,

GENTLEMEN,

The delineation of human character is at all times an interesting and instructive employment; particularly when the features are strong, marked, and peculiar. To dwell upon the traits of mind distinguishable in those who to great powers of intellect have added

great refinement of feeling, and sensibility to suffering, when plunged in misfortune, and perplexed by the sorrows of life, affects the heart in an especial manner; and in the hand of a masterly delineator, is capable of affording much pleasure both to himself and others. Few however have succeeded to any great degree in this difficult art; and in poetry, Byron almost stands alone in the accurate discrimination of peculiar character. I have ventured to send you the following lines, written by an old friend of mine, in which an attempt is made at this species of writing. The person to whom they allude has long ceased to exist; she lived a short, unhappy, and painful life; and has past by in the fleeting waste of time, leaving only the history of her sorrows to record her existence.

A CHARACTER.

THERE gleams no tear-drop in that dark brown eye,
There glooms no sadness on that forehead high,
Those cheeks no furrow'd mark of sorrow shew,
But mantle in their own resplendent glow;
Those ruby lips in smiles are ever drest,
As if no anguish agonis'd the breast,

And the gay laugh, and pleasure's joyous mien,
Would say that grief had neer its inmate been,
That safe from mortal woe, & human pain,
That heart had past in joy's delighted reign.
And then the lofty look, that seems to bear
Its owner o'er the crowds ignoble share,
The conquering glance that awes th'intruding eye
With its bright trust of native majesty,
The self-supported — self supporting soul —
Amaze the gazer's thought, & crown the whole.

SUCH seems she to a world that cannot feel
The thots & pangs her tongue would neer reveal;
But he who that bright face attentive views
Sees many a streak of sorrow's mournful hues,
On the fair surface of that lovely brow
At times there fall a shade of deepest woe,
And a sad pensiveness succeeds the flash
Of forc'd enjoyment neath that trembling lash.
O! how the agony of pain will raise
Its lonely cloud in mirth's enkindling blaze!
The tear repress'd — the hush'd & stifled sigh —
Memorials of that bosom's agony!
Yes — she could live nor heed the murm'ring crowd —
Above its praise — beyond its censures loud —
Yes — she could bear that all should think her heart
In the soft dews of feeling bore no part;
She would not stoop to do away the lie —
Nor let them hear her agonising sigh:
In the lone hour, perhaps, of solitude,
When struggling feeling lowers o'er grief to brood,
That lofty eye was sunk — that laughing look
Was humbled by deep sorrow's stern rebuke —
That fearless lid was then ourfraud with tears,
And not a trace of former joy appears.
The cheek that terror could not render pale —
The glance that to the world would never quail —
The voice that never trembled when it spoke —
All changed when solitude the spell has broke!

THE lonely hour is past; again is seen
That joyous cheek — that well-dissembled mien;

The tear that wet the eye is dried again —
The suffering heart surmounts the sting of pain —
The heaving breast is still — the voice whose tone
Fell in sad accents late when left alone,
Is heard aloud — the cheek resumes its glow —
Sad mixture of enjoyment and of woe!

AND shall that glorious flower be left to feel
The worm of grief to blast her bosom steal?
Basking and glowing in the solar light,
O shall it wither in the lonely night?
Say — shall it bloom and sparkle — droop & perish —
With none to love — & clasp — and sweetly cherish?
Shall wasting hours of lonely grief destroy
The heart that nature form'd for many a joy?
Shall the deep feelings of that high wrought breast
Be lost on sorrow's undistinguished waste,
And the warm currents of that glowing heart
Be chilled to ice, before they can impart
To other souls their bright and genial flow,
Check'd in their loftiest, dearest, tenderest glow?
When the loud storm that rends the nightly air,
Sweeps its high blast of terror and despair,
O! shall the morning's newly rising hour
Behold the ruin of yon lovely flower?
Cast on the barren wild — the desert void —
Friendless — forlorn — unnurtur'd — unemploy'd?

PEACE! troubled soul: — o'er sorrow's dreary waste
The brightening beam of heavenly light hath past:
O! may that ray o'er thee in rapture pour
The gleam of Hope that shall fade no more;
Shed o'er the stormy waves of memory
A welcome still of glowing ecstacy,
And like the "contact of the halcyon's breast,"
Hush the loud billows to a tranquil rest! —
May heaven's own incense o'er thy bosom stream,
No longer mock'd by sorrow's impiel dream;
So from the wasted world — from pain & night
Thou mayst look upwards to a realm of light —
Imp thy bright wing, & let thy spirit soar
Where pain — & night — & sorrow — shall delude no more

S. S.

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